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CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
Lines by Shelley,.....81	Love,.....88
The Cry of the Artisan,.....81	The Carnival,.....88
Paletto's Bride,.....81	Mrs. Fanny Kemble But-
England,.....89	ler,.....89
Nineveh,.....85	To Correspondents,.....89
Communism and Individ-	Gleanings,.....89
ualism,.....86	Secretary of the Board of
Music in the Family,.....86	Education,.....90
Milton on loss of his sight,.....86	Sewing to be superseded
Religious Worship in Eng-	by Science,.....90
land,.....86	The Young Man's Leisure
The Sabbath,.....87	Bishop Doane in Burling-
True Tolerance,.....87	ton,.....90
Colored Architecture,.....87	New Books,.....91
Phenomenon in a Hurri-	Literary Intelligence,.....92
cane,.....87	News,.....92
Fire Proof Wood,.....87	Culture of Fruit,.....92
A Brown Stone,.....87	Farmer's Creed,.....94
Greece,.....88	Ohio Wheat,.....94
A Witty Parson,.....88	Opinion's of the Press,.....94
The Duties of Wives,.....88	Littell's Living Age,.....95
A Veteran Defended,.....88	Advertisements,.....95

Poetry.

LINES

Written in the Bay of Naples.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple moon's transparent light
Around its unexpanding buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strewn;
I see the waves upon the shore;
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown.
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my
emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around;
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love nor leisure:
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another meas-
ure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel, in the warm air,
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not, and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory
yet.

From Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.

THE CRY OF THE ARTISAN:

A LAY OF THE DAY.

Up and down—up and down!
I have wandered through the town;
Through the street, the field, the lane,
I have sought for work in vain—
I have sought from morning's light
Till the stars shone forth at night.
Sad returning, I have said,
"Would to God that I were dead!"

Give me toil—give me toil!
To weave the woof or till the soil;
Give me leave to earn my bread,
I care not how, by spade or thread.
Give me work, 'tis all I ask,
No matter what may be my task;
No matter what the labor set,
I have health and strength as yet.

To and fro—to and fro—
Still with weary limbs I go,
One by one my hopes depart,
Not a joy lives in my heart.
While I struggle through each day,
There's no star to cheer my way;
While I wrestle with my chain,
Madness hovers round my brain.

God! can it be that Mortal Man
Shall mar thy great and mighty plan?
Thou has sent, with bounteous hand,
Enough for all throughout the land;
Thou hast filled the earth with food,
Then pronounced thy work was "good."
Thou who reign'st supreme on high,
All unheeded shall we cry!

No: a sound is on the breeze,
And the words I hear are these:
"Give us labor—give us bread!"
And the fearful cry has sped
Over far off lands away,
Lighting up a brighter day;
For a nation's voice hath said,
"Who bears the yoke shall have the bread!"

Hon. H. Clay arrived at Louisville on the
30th ult. to attend an important case. He
was in excellent health.

Tales.

PALLETTO'S BRIDE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"My daughter!" said the Count Spinola.
The lady so addressed threw off a slight
mantle and turned her fair features enquiring-
ly to her father. Heedless of the attention
he had arrested, the abstracted count paced
up and down the marble pavement of his hall,
and when, a moment after, Francesca came to
him for his good-night kiss, he imprinted it
silently on her forehead, and stepped out on
the balcony to pursue, under the aiding light
of the stars, thoughts that were more imper-
ative than sleep.

There had been a fete of great splendor in
the ducal gardens of the Boboli, and Frances-
ca Spinola had shown there, as usual, the
most radiant and worshiped daughter of the
nobilita of Florence. The melancholy duke
himself (this was in the days of his first mar-
riage) had seemed even gay in presenting her
with flowers which he had gathered at her
side, with the dew on them (in an alley glit-
tering with the diamonds on noble bosoms,
and dew drops on roses that *would* slumber,
though it was the birth-night of a princess,) and marked as was the loyal attention to the
envied beauty, it was more easily forgiven
her than her usual triumphs—for it cost no
one a lover. True to his conjugal vows, the
sad-featured monarch paid to beauty only the
homage exacted alike by every most admira-
ble work of nature.

The grand-duke Leopold had not been the
only admirer whose attentions to Francesca
Spinola had been remarked. A stranger,
dressed with a magnificence that seemed more
fitted for a masquerade than a court-ball, and
yet of a mien that promised danger to the too
inquisitive, had entered alone, and, marking
out the daughter of the haughty count from
the first, had procured an introduction, no one
knew how, and sought every opportunity
which the intervals of the dance afforded, to
place himself at her side. Occupied with the
courtly devoirs of his rank, the count was for
a while unaware of what struck almost every
one else, and it was only when the stranger's
name was inquired of him by the duke, that
his dark and jealous eye fell upon a face
whose language of kindling and undisguised
admiration, a child would have interpreted
aright. It was one of those faces that are of
no degree—that may belong to a barbaric
king or a Greek slave—that no refinement
would improve, and no servile habits degrade;
faces which take their changes from an indo-
mitable and powerful soul, and are beyond
the trifling impression of the common usages
of life. Spinola was offended with the dar-

ing and passionate freedom of the stranger's gaze upon his daughter; but he hesitated to interrupt their conversation too rudely. He essayed to exchange a compliment with some aim obstruction in his way across the crowded tnsaon, and, in the next moment Francesca stood alone.

Who left you this moment, my Francesca?" asked the count, with affected unconcern.

"I think, a Venetian," she answered.

And his name?"

"I know not, my father!"

The count's face flushed.

Who presented him to my darling?" he asked, again forcing himself to composure.

Tecceca colored; and, with downcast eyes, answered,

No one, my father! He seemed to know "and I thought I might have forgotten him."

Spinola turned on his heel, and, after a few vain inquiries, and as vain a search for the stranger, ordered his attendants, and drove silently home.

It was close upon the gray of the morning, and the count still leaned over the stone-railing of his balcony. Francesca had been gone an hour to her chamber. A guitar-string sounded from the street below, and a moment after, a manly and mellow voice broke into a Venetian barcarole, and sang with a skill and tenderness which a vestal could scarce have listened to unmoved. Spinola stepped back and laid his hand upon his sword; but, changing his thought, he took a lamp from the wall within, and crept noiselessly to his daughter's chamber.

She lay within her silken curtains, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and from her parted lips came the low breath of innocent and untroubled sleep. Reassured, the count closed her window and extinguished his lamp; and, when the guitar was no longer heard echoing from the old palace walls, and the rich voice of the serenader had died away with his footsteps, the lord of the Palazzo Spinola betook himself to sleep with a heart somewhat relieved of its burden.

On the following day, the count pleaded the early-coming heats of summer; and, with slight preparation, left Florence for his summer-palace in the Apennines. When Francesca joined him cheerfully, and even gayly in his sudden plan, he threw aside the jealous fears that had hunted his breast, and forgot the stranger and his barcarole. The old trees of his *maison de plaisance* were heavy with the leaves of the Italian May; the statues stood cool in the shade; the mountain rivulets forgot their birth in the rocky brooks, and ran over channels of marble, and played up through the cactus-leaves and sea-shells, and nereids' horns, all carved by the contemporaries of Donatello. "And here," thought the proud noble, "I am a *l'ecart* of the designs of adventurers, and the temptations and dangers of gayety, and the child of my hopes will refresh her beauty and her innocence, under the watchful eye, ever present, of my love."

Francesca Spinola was one of those Italian natures of which it is difficult for the inhabitants of other climes to conceive. She had no feelings. She had passions. She could love—but it sprang in an instant to its fullest

power—and maidenly reserve and hesitation were incompatible with its existence. She had listened, unmoved, to all the adulation of the duke's court, and had been amused with the devotion of all all around her—but never touched. The voice of the stranger at the fete of the Boboli—the daring words he had addressed to her, had arrested her attention; and it needed scarce the hour—which flew like a moment at his side—to send a new sensation, like a tempest, through her heart. She reasoned upon nothing—asked nothing; but while she gave up her soul wholly to a passion hitherto unfelt, the deep dissimulation which seems a natural part of the love of that burning clime, prompted her, by an unquestioned impulse, to conceal it entirely from her father. She had counterfeited sleep when nearly surprised in listening to the barcarole, and she had little need to counterfeit joy at her departure for the mountains.

The long valley of the Arno lay marked out upon the landscape by a wreath of vapor, stealing up as if enamored of the fading color of the clouds; and far away, like a silver bar on the rim of the horizon, shone the long line of the Mediterranean. The mountain sides lay bathed in azure; and, echoing from the nearest, came the vesper bells of Vallombrosa. Peace and purity were stamped upon the hour.

"My child," said the softened count, drawing Francesca to his bosom, as they stood looking off from this scene from the flowery terrace beneath the sortico; "does my child love me?"

Francesca placed her hands upon his shoulders and kissed him for reply.

"I feel impelled," he continued, "to talk to you while this beautiful hour is around us, of an affection that resembles it."

"Resembles the sunset, my father?"

"Yes! Shall I tell you how? By affecting with its soft influence every object under the bend of the sky! My Francesca! there are parents who love their children, and love them well, and yet find feelings for other attachments, and devotion for every other interest in life. Not so mine! My love for my child is a whole existence poured into hers. Look at me, Francesca! I am not old. I am capable, perhaps, of other love than a parent's. There are among the young and beautiful who have looked on me with favoring eyes. My blood runs warm yet, and my step is as full of manhood—perhaps my heart as prompt to be gay, as ever. I mean to say that I am not too old for a lover. Does my daughter think so?"

"I have been long vain of your beauty, dear father," said Francesca, threading her hand in his dark curls.

"There are other things that might share your empire in my heart—politics, play, the arts—a hundred passions which possess themselves of men whose fortune or position gives them means and leisure. Now listen, my daughter! You have supplanted all these!—You have filled my heart with yourself. I am tempted to love—my heart is my daughter's. I am asked to play—my thoughts are with my child. I have neither time for politics, nor attention for the arts—my being breathes through my child. I am incapable of all else. Do you hear me, Francesca?"

"I do, dear father!"

"Then one moment more! I cannot conceal my thoughts from you, and you will pardon love like mine for ungrounded fears. I liked not the stranger at the duke's palace."

Francesca stole a quick look at her father, and, with the rapidity of light, her dark eye resumed its tranquility.

"I say I liked him not! No one knew him! He is gone, no one knows whither! I trust he will never be seen more in Florence. But I will not disguise from you that I tho't you—pleased with him!"

"Father!"

"Forgive me if I wrong you—but, without pursuing the subject, let your father implore you, on his knees, for the confidence of your heart. Will you tell me your thoughts, Francesca? Will you love me with the thousandth part of my adoration, my devotion, for my child?"

"Father! I will!"

The count rose from the knee on which he had fallen, gave his daughter a long embrace, and led her in. And that night she fled over the Tuscan border, into neighboring Romagna, and, with the stranger at her side, sped away, under the cover of night, toward the shores of the Brenta.

Like a city of secrets, sleeps silent Venice. Her sea-washed foundations are buried under the smooth glass of the tide. Her palace entrances are dark caverns, impenetrable to the eye. Her veiled dames are unseen in their floating chambers, as they go from street to street; and mysteriously and silently glide to and fro those swift gondolas, black as night, yet carrying sadness and mirth, innocence and guilt, alike swiftly, mysteriously and silently. Water, that betrays no footstep, and covers all with the same mantle of light, fills her streets. Silence, that is the seal of secrecy, reigns day and night over her thousand palaces.

For an hour the smooth mirror of the broad canal that sweeps under the Rialto, had not been divided by the steel prow of a gondola. Francesca Spinola stood at the window of a chamber in a palace of gorgeous magnificence, watching that still water for the coming of her husband. The silver lines of the moon stole back imperceptibly, as her full orb sailed up the heavens, and the turrets of the old architecture of Venice, drawn clearly on the unruffled bosom of the canal, seemed retiring before a consuming sheet of silver. The silence seemed painful. To the ear of the beautiful Florentine the want of a sound of a footstep, of the echo of some distant wheel, the utter death of all sound common to even the stillest hour of a paved city, seemed oppressed and awful. Behind her burned lamps of alabaster, and perfumes filled the chamber, and on a cushion of costly velvet lay a mean and unornamented guitar. Its presence in so costly a palace was a secret yet withheld.—She wished to touch its strings, if only to disperse the horrors of silence. But she raised her fingers, and again, without touching it, leaned out and watched the dark arch of the Rialto.

A gondola, with a single oar, sped swiftly from its black shadow. It could not be Paletto. He had gone with his two faithful servants to St. Mark's. The oar ceased—the

bark headed in—the water splashed on the marble stair—and the gondolier stepped on shore. Ah, who but Paletto had such a form as stood there in the moonlight?

"Are we to be married again," said Francesca, as her husband entered the chamber, 'that you have once more disguised yourself as a fisherman?'

Paletto turned from the light, and took up the mysterious guitar. "It is no night to be in doors, my Francesco! Come with me to the lagoon, and I will tell you the story of this despised instrument. Will you come?" he pursued, as she stood looking at him in wonder at his strange dress and disturbed look. "Will you come, my wife?"

"But you have returned without your gondoliers!" said she, advancing a step to take his hand.

"I have rowed a gondolier ere now," he answered; and, without further explanation, he led her down the lofty staircase, and seating her in the stern of the bark which he had brought with him, stepped upon the platform, and, with masterly skill and power, drove it like a shadow under the Rialto.

He who has watched the horn of a quarter-moon gliding past the towers, pinnacles and palaces of the drifting clouds, and in his youthful and restless brain, fancied such must be the smooth delight and changing visions of a traveller in strange lands—one who has thus dreamed in his boyhood will scarce shoot through Venice for the first time in a gondola, without a sense of familiarity with the scene and motion. The architecture of the clouds is again drifting past, and himself seems borne onward by the silver shallop of the moon.

Francesca sat on the low cushion of the gondola, watching and wondering. How should her luxurious Paletto have acquired the exquisite skill with which he drove the noiseless boat like a lance-fly over the water. Another gondola approached or was left behind, the corner of a palace was to be rounded, or the black arch of a bridge to be shot under, and the peculiar warning-cry of the gondoliers, giving notice of their unheard approach, fell from his lips so mechanically, that the hireling oarsmen of the city, marvelling at his speed, but never doubting that it was a comrade of the Piazza, added the "*fratello mio*" to their passing salutation. She saw by every broad beam of light, which, between the palaces, came down across them, a brow clouded and a mind far from the oar he turned so skilfully. She looked at the gondola in which she sat. It was old and mean. In the prow lay a fisher's net, and the shabby guitar, thrown upon it, seemed now, at least, not out of place. She looked up at Paletto once more, and in his bare throat and bosom, his loose cap and neglected hair, she could with difficulty recognize the haughty stranger at the Boboli. She spoke to him. It was necessary to break the low-born spell that seemed closing around her.

Paletto started at her voice, and suspending his oar, while the gondola still kept way as if with its own irresistible volition, he passed his hand over his eyes, and seemed waking from some painful dream.

The gondola was now far out in the lagoon. Around them floated an almost impalpable vapor, just making the moonlight visible, and

the soft click of the water beneath the rising and dropping prow was the only sound between them and the cloudless heaven. In that silence Paletto strung his guitar and sang to his bride with a strange energy. She listened and played with his tangled locks, but there seemed a spell upon her tongue when she would ask the meaning of this mystery.

"Francesca!" he said at last, raising his head from her lap.

"What says my fisherman?" she replied, holding up his rough cap with a smile.

Paletto started, but recovering his composure, instantly took his cap from her jewelled fingers and threw it carelessly upon his head.

"Francesca! who is your husband?"

"Paletto!"

"And who is Paletto?"

"I would have asked sometimes, but your kisses have interrupted me. Yet I know enough?"

"What know you?"

"That he is a rich and noble seignior of Venice!"

"Do I look like one to-night?"

"Nay—for a masquerade, I have never seen a better! Where learned you to look so like a fisherman and row so like a gondolier?"

Paletto frowned.

"Francesca!" said he, folding his arms across his bosom, "I am the son of a fisherman, and I was bred to row the gondola beneath you!"

The sternness of his tone checked the smile upon her beautiful lip, and when she spoke it was with a look almost as stern as his own.

"You mock me too gravely, Paletto! But come! I will question you in your own humor. Who educated the fisherman's son?"

"The fisherman."

"And his palace and his wealth—whence came they, Signor Pestacore?"

The scornful smile of incredulity with which this question was asked, speedily fled from her lip as Paletto answered it.

"Listen! Three months since I had never known other condition than a fisherman of the lagoon, nor worn other dress than this in which you see me. The first property I ever possessed beyond my day's earnings, was this gondola. It was my father's, Giannotto, the fisherman. When it became mine by his death, I suddenly wearied of my tame life, sold boat and nets, and with thoughts which you cannot understand, but which have brought you here, took my way to the Piazza. A night of chance, begun with the whole of my inheritance staked upon a throw, left me master of wealth I had never dreamed of. I became a gay signore. It seemed to me that my soul had gone out of me, and a new spirit, demonic if you will, had taken possession. I no longer recognized myself. I passed for an equal with the best-born—my language altered, my gait, my humor. One strong feeling alone predominated—an insane hatred to the rank in which you were born, Francesca! It was strange, too, that I tried to ape its manners. I bought the palace you have just left, and filled it with costly luxuries. And then there grew upon me the desire to humiliate that rank—to pluck down to myself some of its proud and cherished daughters—such as you!"

Francesca muttered something between her

teeth, and folded her small arms over her bosom. Paletto went on.

"I crossed to Florence with this sole intention. Unknown and uninvited, I entered the palace at the fete of the Boboli, and look-around for a victim. You were the proudest and most beautiful. I chose you and you are here."

Paletto looked at her with a smile, and never sunbeam was more unmixed with shadow than the smile which answered it on the lips of Spinola's daughter.

"My Paletto!" she said, "you have the soul of a noble, and the look of one, and I am your bride. Let us return to the palace!"

"I have no palace but this!" he said, striking his hand like a bar of iron upon the side of the gondola. "You have not heard out my tale."

Francesca sat with a face unmoved as marble.

"This night, at play, I lost all. My servants are dismissed, my palace belongs to another, and with this bark which I had repurchased, I am once more Paletto the fisherman!"

A slight heave of the bosom of the fair Florentine was her only response to this astounding announcement. Her eyes turned slowly from the face of the fisherman, and fixing apparently on some point far out in the Adriatic, she sat silent, motionless, and cold.

"I am a man, Francesca!" said Paletto after a pause, which, in the utter stillness of the lagoon around them, seemed like a suspension of the breathing of nature, "and I have not gone through this insane dream without some turning aside of the heart. Spite of myself, I loved you and I could not dishonor you.—We are married, Francesca!"

The small dark brows of the Florentine lowered till the silken lashes they overhung seemed starting from beneath her forehead. Her eyes flashed fire below.

"*Bene!*" said Paletto, rising to his feet; "one more word while we have silence around us and are alone. You are free to leave me, and I will so far repair the wrong I have done you, as to point out the way. It will be daylight in an hour. Fly to the governor's palace, announce your birth, declare that you was forced from your father by brigands, and claim his protection. The world will believe you, and the consequences to myself I will suffer in silence."

With a sudden, convulsive motion, Francesca thrust out her arm, and pointed a single finger toward Venice. Paletto bent to his oar, and quivering in every seam beneath its blade, the gondola sped on its way. The steel prow struck fire on the granite steps of the Piazza, the superb daughter of Spinola stepped over the trembling side, and with a half wave of her hand, strode past the Lion of St. Mark, and approached the sentinel at the palace-gate. And as her figure was lost among the arabesque columns shaded from the moon, Paletto's gondola shot once more silently and slowly from the shore.

The smooth, flat pavement of the Borgognisanti had been covered since morning with earth, and the windows and balconies on either side were flaunting with draperies of the most gorgeous colors. The riderless horse-

aces, which conclude the carnival in Florence, were to be honored by the presence of the court. At the far extremity of the street, close by the gate of the Cascine, an open veranda, painted in fresco, stood glittering with the preparations for the royal party, and near it the costlier hangings of here and there a window or balustrade, showed the embroidered crests of the different nobles of Tuscany. It was the people's place and hour, and beneath the damask and cloth of gold, the rough stone windows were worn smooth by the touch of peasant hands, and the smutched occupants, looking down from the balconies above, upon the usurpers of their week day habitations, formed, to the stranger's eye, not the least interesting feature of the scene.

As evening approached, the balconies began to show their burden of rank and beauty, and the street below filled with the press of the gay contadini. The ducal cortege, in open carriages drove down the length of the course to their veranda at the gate, but no other vehicle was permitted to enter the crowded crowd; and, on foot like the peasant girl, the noble's daughter followed the servants to her house, who slowly opened for her a passage to the balcony she sought. The sunlight began to grow golden. The convent bell across the Arno rang the first peal of vespers, and the horses were led in.

It was a puzzle to any but an Italian how that race was to be run. The entire population of Florence was crowded into a single narrow street—men, women, and children, struggling only for a foothold. The signal was about to be given for the start, yet no attempt was made to clear a passage. Twenty high-spirited horses fretted behind the rope, each with a dozen spurs hung to his surcingle, which, at the least motion, must drive him onward like the steed of Mazeppa. Gay ribands were braided in their manes, and the bets ran high. All sounded and looked merry, yet it would seem as if the loosing of the start-rope must be like the letting in of destruction upon the crowd.

In a projecting gallery of a house on the side next the Arno, was a party that attracted attention, somewhat from their rank and splendid attire, but more from the remarkable beauty of a female, who seemed their star and idol. She was something above the middle height of the women of Italy, and of the style of face seen in the famous Judith of the Pitti—dark, and of melancholy so unfathomable as to almost affray the beholder. She looked a brooding prophetess; yet through the sad expression of her features there was a gleam of fierceness, that to the more critical eye betrayed a more earthly gleam of human passion and suffering. As if to belie in the maturity of years of which such an expression should be the work, an ungloved hand and arm of almost childlike softness and roundness lay on the drapery of the railed gallery; and stealing from that to her just-perfected form, the gazer made a new judgment of her years, while he wondered what strange fires had forced out the riper lineaments of her character.

The count Fazelli, the husband of this fair dame, stood within reach of her hand, for it was pressed on his arm with no gentle touch, yet his face was turned from her. He was a slight youth, little older, apparently, than

herself, of an effeminate yet wilful cast of countenance, and would have been pronounced by women (what a man would scarcely allow him to be) eminently handsome. Effeminate coxcomb as he was, he had power over the stronger nature beside him, and of such stuff, in courts and cities, are made sometimes the heroes whose success makes worthier men almost forswear the worship due to women.

There were two other persons in the balconies of the Corso who were actors in the drama of which this was a scene. The first was the prima donna of the Cocomero, to whose rather mature charms the capricious Fazelli had been for a month paying a too open homage; and the second was a captain in the duke's guard, whose personal daring in the extermination of a troop of brigands, had won for him some celebrity and his present commission. What a thread of sympathy rested between so humble an individual and the haughty countess Fazelli, will be shown in the sequel. Enough for the present, that, as he stood leaning against the pillar of an opposite gallery, looking carelessly on the preparations for the course, that proud dame saw and remembered him.

A blast from a bugle drew all eyes to the starting-post, and in another minute the rope was dropped, and the fiery horses looped upon their career. Right into the crowd, as if the bodies of the good citizens of Florence were made of air, sprang the goaded troop, and the impossible thing was done, for the suffocating throng divided like waves before the prow, and united again as scathless and as soon. The spurs played merrily upon the flanks of the affrighted animals, and in an instant they had swept through the Borgognisanti, and disappeared into the narrow lane leading to the Trinita. It was more a scramble than a race, yet there must be a winner, and all eyes were now occupied in gazing after the first glimpse of his ribands as he was led back in triumph.

Uncompelled by danger, the suffocating crowd made way with more difficulty for the one winning horse than they had done for the score that had contended with him. Yet, champing the bit, and tossing his ribands into the air, he came slowly back, and after passing in front of the royal veranda, where a small flag was thrown down to be set into the rosette of his bridle, he returned a few steps, and was checked by the groom under the balcony of the prima donna. A moment after, the winning flag was waving from the rails above, and as the sign that she was the owner of the victorious horse was seen by the people, a shout arose which thrilled the veins of the fair singer more than all the plaudits of the Cocomero. It is thought to be pleasant to succeed in that for which we have most struggled—that for which our ambition and our efforts are known to the world—to be eminent, in short, in our *metier*, our vocation. I am inclined to think it natural to most men, however, and to all possessors of genius, to undervalue that for which the world is most willing to praise them, and to delight more in excelling in that which seems foreign to their usual pursuits, even if it be a trifle. It is delightful to disappoint the world by success in anything. Detraction, that follows genius to the grave, sometimes admits its triumph, but

never without the "back-water" that *it could do no more*. The fine actress had won a shout from assembled Florence, yet *off the scene*. She laid one hand upon her heart, and the other, in the rash exultation of the moment, ventured to wave a kiss of gratitude to the count Fazelli.

As that favored signor crossed to offer his congratulations, his place beside the countess was filled by a young noble, who gave her the explanatory information—that the horse was Fazelli's gift. Calmly, almost without a sign of interest or emotion, she turned her eyes upon the opposite balcony. A less searching and interested glance would have discovered, that if the young count had hitherto shared the favor of the admired singer with his rivals, he had no rival now. There was in the demeanor of both an undisguised tenderness that the young countess had little need to watch long, and retiring from the balcony, she accepted the attendance of her communicative companion, and was soon whirling in her chariot over the Ponte St. Angelo, on her way to the princely palace that would soon cease to call her its mistress.

Like square ingots of silver, the moonlight came through the battlements of the royal abode of the Medici. It was an hour before day. The heavy heel of the sentry was the only sound near the walls of the Pitti, save, when he passed to turn, the ripple of the Arno beneath the arches of the jeweller's bridge broke faintly on the ear. The captain of the guard had strolled from the deep shadow of the palace into the open moonlight, and leaned against a small stone shrine of the Virgin set into the opposite wall, watching musingly the companionable and thought-stirring empress of the night.

"Paletto!" suddenly uttered a voice near him.

The guardsman started, but instantly recovered his position, and stood looking over his epaulet at the intruder, with folded arms.

"Paletto!" she said again, in a lower and more appealing tone—"will you listen to me?"

"Say on, Countess Fazelli!"

"Countess Fazelli no longer, but Paletto's wife!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the guardsman bitterly, "that story is old, for so false a one."

"Scorn me not! I am changed." The dark eyes of Francesca Cappone lifted up, moist and full, into the moonlight, and fixing them steadfastly on the soldier's, she seemed to demand that he should read her soul in them.—For an instant, as he did so, a troubled emotion was visible in his own features, but a new thought seemed to succeed the feeling, and turning away with a cold gesture, he said, "I knew you false, but till now I thought you pure. Tempt me not to despise as well as hate you!"

"I have deserved much at your hand," she answered, with a deeper tone, "but not this. You are my husband, Paletto!"

"One of them!" he replied, with a sneer.

Francesca clasped her hands in agony. "I have come to you," she said, "trusting the generous nature which I have proved so well. I can not live unloved. I deserted you, for I was ignorant of myself. I have tried splendor and the love of my own rank, but one is hollow and the last is selfish. Oh, Paletto! what love is generous like yours?"

The guardsman's bosom heaved, but he did not turn to her. She laid her hand upon his arm: "I have come to implore you to take me back, Paletto. False as I was to you, you have been true to me. I would be your wife again. I would share your poverty, if you were once more a fisherman on the lagoon.—Are you inexorable, Palétto?"

Her hand stole up to his shoulder: she crept closer to him, and buried her head, unrepelled, in his bosom. Paletto laid his hand upon the mass of raven hair whose touch had once been to him so familiar, and while the moon threw their shadows as one on the shrine of the Virgin, the vows of early love were repeated with a fervor unknown hitherto to the lips of Cappone's daughter, and Paletto replied, not like a courtly noble, but like that which was more eloquent—his own love-prompted and fiery spirit.

The next day there was a brief but fierce rencontre between Count Fazelli and the guardsman Paletto, at the door of the church of Santa Trinita. Francesca had gone openly with her husband to vespers, attended by a monk. When attacked by the young count as the daring abductor of his wife, he had placed her under that monk's protection till the quarrel should be over, and, with the same holy man to plead his cause, he boldly claimed his wife at the duke's hands, and bore her triumphantly from Florence.

I heard this story in Venice. The gondolier Paletto, they say, still rows his boat on the lagoon: and sometimes his wife is with him, and sometimes a daughter, whose exquisite beauty, though she is still a child, is the wonder of the Rialto as he passes under. I never chanced to see him, but many a stranger has hired the best oar of the Piazza, to pull out toward the Adriatic in the hope of finding Paletto's boat and getting a glimpse of his proud and still most beautiful wife—a wife, it is said, than whom a happier or more contented one with her lot lives not in the "city of the sea."

ENGLAND.—"Its public mind has been softened while it has been ripened, and her children, in the course of ages, have become not only a wiser, but a kinder people."—*Macaulay's England*.

Her "kindness" is fully exhibited in the recent official reports on the Collieries. They put to blush all her philanthropy for the advancement of humanity. According to the reports, there is scarcely a man, woman or child connected with the coal mines as laborers, who can read, write, or even spell. Ten per cent of them have never seen a Bible; five per cent have never heard of a Bible; while fifteen are so steeped in ignorance, that they have never heard of a Saviour. In some of the mines, the shafts are of small a calibre, that they have to drag their wagons on their hands and knees, the traces passing from their necks between their legs to the vehicles! "Among them," the report says, "girls of the tender age of five and six years, covered with only a few rags, are obliged to work part of their time up to the waist in water." And this is philanthropic England, who sends out her agents and missionaries to civilize other countries.—*Bulletin, Detroit*.

Sketches of Travel.

NINEVEH.

The following article is extracted from the late work of A. H. Layard, upon the stupendous ruins found on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris. After undergoing great hardships and trials, he succeeded in obtaining encouragement from the English government, and commenced operations upon the great mound on the Tigris, which tradition has always marked as the site of the ancient city of Nimrod.

After carrying on his operations for some months, and meeting with the most brilliant success, in bringing to light the sculptured monuments of the oldest civilized nation of the earth, and thus affording the means of future discoveries in the arts and customs of the ancients, he was obliged to leave, and thus recapitulates the result of his excavations:—

"But before leaving Nimroud and reburying its palaces, I would wish to lead the reader once more through the ruins of the principal edifice, and to convey as distinct an idea as I am able of the excavated halls and chambers, as they appeared when fully explored. Let us imagine ourselves issuing from my tent near the village in the plain. On approaching the mound, not a trace of building can be perceived, except a small mud hut covered with reeds, erected for the accommodation of my Chaldean workmen. We ascend this artificial hill, but still see no ruins, not a stone protruding from the soil. There is only a broad level platform before us, perhaps covered with a luxuriant crop of barley, or may be yellow and parched, without a blade of vegetation, except here and there a scanty tuft of camel-thorn.—Low black heaps, surrounded by brushwood and dried grass, a thin column of smoke issuing from the midst of them, may be seen here and there. These are the tents of the Arabs; and a few miserable old women are groping about them, picking up camel's dung or dry twigs. One or two girls, with firm step and erect carriage, are perceived just reaching the top of the mound, with the water-jar on their shoulders, or a bundle of brushwood on their heads. On all sides of us, apparently issuing from under-ground, are long lines of wild-looking beings, with dishevelled hair, their limbs only half concealed by a short loose shirt, some jumping and capering, and all hurrying to and fro, shouting like madmen. Each one carries a basket, and as he reaches the edge of the mound, or some convenient spot near, empties its contents, raising at the same time a cloud of dust. He then returns at the top of his speed, dancing and yelling as before, and flourishing his basket over his head; again he suddenly disappears in the bowels of the earth; from whence he emerged. These are the workmen employed in removing the rubbish from the ruins.

"We will descend into the principal trench, by a flight of steps rudely cut into the earth, near the western face of the mound. As we approach it, we find a party of Arabs bending on their knees, and intently gazing at some thing beneath them. Each holds his long

spear, tufted with ostrich feathers, in one hand; and in the other the halter of his mare, which stands patiently behind him. The party consists of a Bedouin Sheikh from the desert, and his followers; who, having heard strange reports of the wonders of Nimroud, have made several days' journey to remove their doubts, and satisfy their curiosity. He rises as he hears us approach, and if we wish to escape the embrace of a very dirty stranger, we had better at once hurry into the trenches.

"We descend about twenty feet, and suddenly find ourselves between a pair of colossal lions, winged and human-headed, forming a portal. I have already described my feelings when gazing for the first time on these majestic figures. Those of the reader would probably be the same, particularly if caused by the reflection, that before those wonderful forms, Ezekiel, Jonah, and others of the prophets stood, and Sennacherib bowed; that even the patriarch Abraham himself may possibly have looked upon them.

"In the subterranean labyrinth which we have reached, all is bustle and confusion.—Arabs are running about in different directions; some bearing baskets filled with earth, others carrying the water-jars to their companions. The Chaldeans or Tiyari, in their striped dresses and curious conical caps, are digging with picks into the tenacious earth, raising a dense cloud of fine dust at every stroke. The wild strains of Kurdish music may be heard occasionally issuing from some distant part of the ruins, and if they are caught by the parties at work, the Arabs join their voices in chorus, raise the war-cry, and labor with renewed energy. Leaving behind us a small chamber, in which the sculptures are distinguished by a want of finish in the execution, and considerable rudeness in the design of the ornaments, we issue from between the winged lions, and enter the remains of the principal hall. On both sides of us are sculptured gigantic, winged figures; some with the heads of eagles, others entirely human, and carrying mysterious symbols in their hands.—To the left is another portal, also formed by winged lions. One of them has, however, fallen across the entrance, and there is just room to creep beneath it. Beyond this portal is a winged figure, and two slabs with bas-reliefs; but they have been so much injured that we can scarcely trace the subject upon them. Further on there are no traces of wall, altho' a deep trench has been opened. The opposite side of the hall has also disappeared, and we only see a high wall of earth. On examining it attentively, we can detect the marks of masonry; and we soon find that it is a solid structure built of bricks of unbaked clay, now of the same color as the surrounding soil, and scarcely to be distinguished from it.

"The slabs of alabaster, fallen from their original position, have, however, been raised; and we tread in the midst of a maze of small bas-reliefs, representing chariots, horsemen, battles, and sieges. Perhaps the workmen are about to raise a slab for the first time; and we watch with eager curiosity, what new event of

Assyrian history, or what unknown custom or religious ceremony, may be illustrated by the sculpture beneath.

"Having walked about one hundred feet amongst these scattered monuments of ancient history and art, we reach another doorway formed by gigantic winged bulls in yellow limestone. One is still entire; but its companion has fallen, and is broken into several pieces—the great human head is at our feet.

"We pass on without turning into the part of the building to which this portal leads. Beyond it we see another winged figure, holding a graceful flower in its hand, and apparently presenting it as an offering to the winged bull. Adjoining this sculpture we find eight fine bas-reliefs. There is the king, hunting, and triumphing over, the lion and wild bull; and the siege of the castle, with the battering-ram. We have now reached the end of the hall, and find before us an elaborate and beautiful sculpture, representing two kings, standing beneath the emblem of the supreme deity, and attended by winged figures. Between them is the sacred tree. In front of this bas-relief is the great stone platform, upon which, in days of old, may have been placed the throne of the Assyrian monarch, when he received his captive enemies, or his courtiers.

"To the left of us is a fourth outlet from the hall, formed by another pair of lions. We issue from between them, and find ourselves on the edge of a deep ravine, to the north of which rises, high above us, the lofty pyramid. Figures of captives bearing objects of tribute,—ear-rings, bracelets, and monkeys,—may be seen on walls near this ravine; and two enormous bulls, and two winged figures above fourteen feet high, are laying on its very edge.

"As the ravine bounds the ruins on this side, we must return to the yellow bulls.—Passing through the entrance formed by them, we enter a large chamber surrounded by eagle-headed figures; at one end of it is a doorway guarded by two priests or divinities, and in the centre another portal with winged bulls.—Whichever way we turn, we find ourselves in the midst of a nest of rooms; and without an acquaintance with the intricacies of the place, we should soon lose ourselves in this labyrinth. The accumulated rubbish being generally left in the centre of the chambers, the whole excavation consists of a number of narrow passages, panelled on one side with slabs of alabaster; and shut in on the other by a high wall of earth, half buried, in which may here and there be seen a broken vase, or a brick painted with brilliant colors. We may wander through these galleries for an hour or two, examining the marvellous sculptures, or the numerous inscriptions that surround us. Here we meet long rows of kings, attended by their eunuchs and priests,—there lines of winged figures, carrying fir-cones and religious emblems, and seemingly in adoration before the mystic tree. Other entrances, formed by winged lions and bulls, lead us into new chambers. In every one of them are fresh objects of curiosity and surprise. At length, wearied,

we issue from the buried edifice by a trench on the opposite side to that by which we entered, and find ourselves again upon the naked platform. We look around in vain for any traces of the wonderful remains we have just seen, and are half inclined to believe that we have dreamed a dream, or have been listening to some tale of Eastern romance.

"Some, who may hereafter tread on the spot when the grass again grows over the ruins of the Assyrian palaces, may indeed suspect that I have been relating a vision."

Communism and Individualism.

Goethe requested me to tell him my notion of the Saint Simonians. "The chief principle of their doctrines," I replied, "appears to be this—that every one shall labor for the happiness of the whole, as a necessary condition of his own happiness." "I thought," replied Goethe, "that every one should begin at home, and first of all, work out his own happiness; from which, finally, the happiness of the whole would infallibly result. For the rest, that doctrine seems to me, throughout, unpractical and impracticable. It contradicts all nature, all experience, and the whole course of things for centuries. If every one will but do his duty as an individual, and will but be courageous and efficient in the sphere of his immediate calling, there would be no fear for the weal of the whole. In my vocation of author I have never asked 'What is it the great mass wishes, and how can I be useful to the whole?' but my endeavor, and my only endeavor, has been this—to make myself wiser and better, to increase the worth of my own personality; and then always to express only what I recognised to be good and true. My work, indeed, I do not mean to deny it, has been effective and useful in a great circle; but such was not my aim, it was merely a necessary consequence—one which takes place in all activity whatsoever. If, as a writer, I had kept in view the wants of the mob, and sought to appease them I should have betaken myself to story telling and made sport of them like Kotzebue, of blessed memory."—*Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe.*

Music in the Family.

Encourage a taste for music in your children. It is a grand aid to refinement and happiness. If you can afford, it give your children a choice of instruments—piano, harp, and guitar for the girls, and the violin, violoncello, and flute for the boys. But do not neglect the organ which nature has bestowed upon every one. If parents will sing, their children will follow their example, and in our opinion, a good musical family may bid defiance to consumption, because singing strengthens the lungs.—*Phil. City Item.*

A MODEL TOWN.—The town of Danvers at a recent meeting, voted that each minister each lawyer, and each doctor, be requested to deliver to the citizens of the town one lecture, at least, each, during the year, on the subjects of Temperance and Gambling.

Religious.

MILTON On the Loss of his Sight.

FROM THE OXFORD EDITION OF MILTON'S WORKS.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not, that I no longer see;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O! Merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near:
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing
Beneath it, I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath
been,
Wrapped in the radiance from thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

Religious Worship in England.

One of the most exciting subjects which at present agitates the English public, is the imprisonment of the Rev. James Shore, at the instance of the Bishop of Exeter, for the crime of preaching the Christian religion. The canon-law of England makes it a crime punishable by imprisonment, for one who has once taken orders in the Established Church, after leaving that church, to preach the Gospel.—As a matter of petty vengeance, the Bishop of Exeter prosecuted Mr. Shore under this law, which most supposed to be obsolete; and after dragging him from court to court, has finally

secured his incarceration in Exeter Jail.—This fact has kindled a great excitement. The sympathies of the better part of the nation, including the Parliament, are with the prisoner. And measures are now in progress in Parliament, for abolishing the law under which he is imprisoned, and also the law by which dissenters are required to pay church rates.

A large public meeting was held at Exeter Hall, in London, a day or two before the sailing of the last steamer, "to consider what measures it was advisable to adopt in consequence of the arrest of Mr. Shore," and among the speakers on the occasion was the Rev. Baptist Noel, whose fame as a theologian and an author has already reached our shores. His remarks cover the whole ground of the controversy, and they derive additional interest from the circumstance that Mr. Noel stands in the same attitude to the established church as Mr. Shore, "save these bonds."

The Sabbath.

The Sabbath is God's special present to the workingman, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigor, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings' bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting past his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up,—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings' bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review.*

True Tolerance.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help; were this thoroughly considered we should no more laugh at a man for having his brain cracked than for having his head broke.—*Pope.*

ALERTNESS IN SEEING FAULTS.—There is nothing so certain, we take it, as that those who are the most alert in discovering the faults in a work of genius are the least touched with its beauties.

If we would enjoy ourselves we must take the world as it is—mix up a thousand spots of sunshine—a cloud here and there—a bright sky—a storm to-day, calm to-morrow—the chill piercing winds of autumn, and the bland reviving air of summer.

Scientific.

COLORED ARCHITECTURE.

A writer in the *Literary World* undertakes to show that color is an essential feature of architecture. This idea may seem new and startling to many, but the writer manfully defends his position, and brings high authority to its support. He says:—

"There are seasons in which the Great Father, in the exuberance of his love, throws over nature a many-colored mantel, with the sunset clouds for its golden cape, and the autumnal woods for its splendid fringes.—Magnificently colored is the great Temple of the Universe, from the throne to the footstool; there is not a spot but is sun-gilt or star-besprinkled, glowing with colors laid on in simple purity or blended in perfect pureness of tone. There is no uncolored interval, save when the death of the daylight is pictured,

"twilight grey
Hath, with her sober livery, all things clad."

Pass now into the temples "made with hands," they are cold charnel houses, naked and cavernous. Blank nothingness stares at us from the walls, a grave-like chilliness creeps through our bones when we gaze at the stoniness of the vault which drinks the life-blood of the daylight, but remains as dead as before. Pulpit and altar, roof and walls, columns and tracery wood, stone and metal, all seem to evince the desire of producing one monotony of substance, blank no color.

This absence of color in our architectural interiors, so carefully maintained, as if it were the very virtue of the Art, is altogether a novelty in it, and is one of the peculiarities of what Fergusson, in his "Principles of Beauty in Art," calls the "Monkey styles of Modern Europe." Whenever and wherever architecture has been really, alive, it has exhibited the proof of life in the *vividness of its coloring*. It is the "pale" horse on which Death is said to ride. Architectural torpidity, decay and death, have ridden this cadaverous horse for three hundred years; it is now indeed, only "a hobby." Egypt covered every square inch of the vast surface of her temple interiors with *pure and vivid colors*; Greece gilded the delicate mouldings of her temples, colored her columns, and polychromatized in the most extensive manner."

A Phenomenon in a Hurricane.

There is a curiosity in the possession of Dr. Beck, Professor of Chemistry in Rutgers College, New Brunswick, consisting of a pane of glass with a hole in the centre, making a circle as perfect as if drawn on mathematical principles. It was perforated by the extraordinary hurricane which passed over New Brunswick about 16 years ago, levelling in its path a streak of houses the whole length of the town. In one of the windows this pane was discovered with a hole in it, is, that the perimeter of the whole is as smooth as a polished gem, so that the finger may be rubbed around it with impunity. It has the appearance of being forced out while the glass was in fusion, hence the theory to explain it, namely, that the current of air had a spiral motion in the centre of the column, the astonishing velocity of which had collected a nucleus of electricity equivalent to a volatic pile

of gigantic construction, this heat being opposed by the glass sufficiently absorbed it to prevent the communication of fire to other elements in its path, while the suddenness of contact with this amazing heat caused the perforation of a cavity so perfectly circular and smooth. The pane was taken from the window, and now occupies a place in the Doctor's cabinet.

FIRE PROOF WOOD.—For various purposes in the arts, as well as in ordinary domestic matters, it is often a desideratum to render wood indeffragable, or fire proof. The following recipe for attaining this object, emanates from a distinguished French savant.—Its efficiency can be easily tested.

"Doctor Fuchs, member of the Academy of Science at Munich, has discovered a composition made of granulated earth and an alkali. To obtain it, the inventor says, you must dissolve some moist gravelly earth, which has been previously well washed, and cleared from any heterogeneous matter, in a solution of caustic alkali. This mixture has the property of not becoming decomposed by fire or water. When spread upon wood, it forms a vitreous coat, and is proof against the two elements. The Building Committee of the Royal Theatre have twice publicly tried the composition on two small buildings; the one which was not covered with the composition was consumed, while the other remained perfect and entire. The cost of this process is very insignificant compared to its great utility being about two francs three centimes per hundred square feet. The Royal Theatre at Munich has undergone this process, having about 400,000 square feet; the expense of which was about 4,000 or 5,000 francs."

A BROWN STONE.—A brown stone, in no respect presenting any thing by which it shall be distinguished from other rude stones around it, is found, upon close examination, to possess the power of drawing light particles of iron towards it; if this stone is placed upon a table, and iron filings are thrown lightly around, we discover that these filings arrange themselves in symmetric curves, proceeding from some one point of the mass to some other; and upon examining into this, we shall find, that the iron which has once clung to the one point, will be rejected by the other. If this stone is freely suspended, we shall learn also that it always comes to rest in a certain position—this position being determined by these points, and some attractive force residing in the earth itself. These points we call its poles; and it is now established that this rude stone is but a weak representative of our planet. Both are magnetic, both are so in virtue of the circulation of currents of electricity, or of lines of magnetic force, as seen in the curves formed by the iron dust, and the North pole of the one attracts the South pole of the other, and the contrary.

What sort of a *drum* is that which is best when it cannot be beaten?

Answer—Why, a *conundrum*, to be sure.

That's a curious addition recently made to the Museum of National Curiosities at Washington: "A pair of boots made by a sherry cobbler on the last of the Mohegans."

Miscellany.

GREECE

Land of the brave! where life inured
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valor burned
And blazed upon the battle's fray:
Land where the gallant Spartan few
Bled at Thermopylae of yore,
When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's consecrated shore!

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
Her soul entrancing echoes rung,
While on their course the rapid Hours
Paused at the melody she sung;—
Till every grave and every hill,
And every stream that flowed along,
From morn till night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes—living slaves—
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banners float above thy waves,
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm,
To break the fetters and the chain?
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls—the light that shone
On Leutra's war-empurpled day—
The light that beamed on Marathon,
Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play;
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shattered—spear in rust—
Thy honor but a dream—and thou
Despised—degraded—in the dust?

Where sleeps the spirit that of old
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chant of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom?
The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay,
Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled,
And fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living—but the dead!
But 'tis the dim, sepulchral light
That sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moon-beams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Lost land! where genius made his reign,
And reared his golden arch on high;
Where science raised her sacred fane,
Its summit peering to the sky:
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long,
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song.

The sun hath set,—the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon the sky;
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

A Witty Parson.

A Scotch clergyman, by the name of Watty Morrison, was a man of great laughter and humor. On one occasion a young officer scoffed at the idea that it required so much time and study to write a sermon as ministers pretended, and offered a bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament, without any preparation, Mr. Morrison took the bet and gave him for a text, "And the Ass opened his mouth and he spake." The parson won the wager, the officer being rather disinclined to employ his eloquence upon the text.

On another occasion Morrison entreated an officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offense he had committed. The officer agreed to do so, if he would in return, grant him the first favor he should ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a young puppy. The clergyman assented; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog and said—

"As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the church."

"Certainly," said the Major, "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well, then, Major, I begin with the usual question: 'You acknowledge yourself to be the father of this puppy?'"

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, the Major threw the candidate for baptism away asserting that a parson was too much for a soldier!

The Duty of Wives.

It is said that among the most curious specimens of Hindoo literature, is a poem entitled the Ocean of Wisdom. One of the chapters contains the following remarks on the duties of wives:—

"She is the true helpmate, who, possessing an amiable temper and prudent disposition, proportions her expenditure to her husband's income. The goodness of her heart will manifest itself in feeding holy hermits, in graciously entertaining her husband's guests, and in showing mercy to the poor. Her prudence will be displayed in providing personally for the future wants of her family, in preparing her husband's meals with regularity, and in maintaining the just reputation of a good manager. She will take care to arrange the current expenditure so as not to encroach on the capital of her husband's property. Where such conduct in the wife is wanting, though the house should overflow with gold, yet shall it prove to the owner no better than an empty hovel."

THE WRONG PASSENGER.—A couple of omnibus drivers were amusing themselves lately in New York, with racing through Broadway, when the Mayor chanced to be one of the passengers. He stopped at his office and sent some officers to arrest the offenders.

A Veteran Defended.

In 1793 the Prussian officers of the garrison of Colberg, established a mass, to which certain emigrants were invited. One day an old major of hussars, covered with wounds received in the "seven years' war," and half hidden by enormous moustaches, sat down at the table. The conversation having turned on duels, a young cornet began to prate loudly on the subject, and addressing the veteran, said:—"And you, major, how many duels have you fought?" "None, thank heaven," answered the old hussar; "I have fourteen wounds, and, Heaven be praised they are not on my back; so that I may be permitted to say, that I feel myself happy in never having fought a duel." "By Jove, you shall fight one with me," exclaimed the cornet, reaching across to give him a blow. But the sacrilegious hand did not touch the old moustache. The major, agitated, grasped the table to assist him in rising, when an unanimous cry was raised, "Stop a moment, major." All the officers present seized the cornet, threw him out of the window, and sat down again to the table, as if nothing had occurred.

Love.

Love is a fountain from which flows two streams; one the pure and limpid waters of happiness, the other the dark and turbid waters of misery; at the end of the latter is the whirlpool of despair; upon these streams, mortals direct their destiny. Mariners on these streams! see upon which of them you are directing your bark, lest it should be engulfed in the whirlpool of despair.

THE CARNIVAL.—The carnival scenes in Rome, during the last celebration, are described as extraordinary. Cars passed along filled with handsome women dressed in dresses displaying their figures, lighted up by torches, and replying with perfect nonchalance to passers by, in grotesque habiliments! For the first time in the eternal city, the Priests have been caricatured at the carnival. The celebration was not so gorgeous as on former occasions, arising from the absence of the nobility, whom the revolution has scared away, but it is said to have been more amusing. Oranges and large comfits were prohibited from being thrown at the passers, lest injury should be received, as sometimes happened.

Plato, hearing that it was asserted by some persons that he was a very vicious man, "I shall take care to live so," said he, "that nobody will believe them."

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a loafer to a gentleman.

"Why, they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

Albums may be said to be the dip-nets wherewith young girls catch flattery.

If you desire to be happy when you are old, be temperate while you are young.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, MAY 12 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair.

W. L. PALMER, is our authorized Agent.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER,
And her Readings.

The name of FANNY KEMBLE is associated, in our mind, with the fairest fictions of the nursery. Among our earliest impressions, is that made by her fame, as we caught it from the breeze of popular applause on which it was borne. In the wild solitude of the backwoods, her name was treasured, as that of one to whom Heaven had vouchsafed gifts which raised her at once above the ordinary destinies of her race. Even in our rude hamlet, which had sprung up in the forest like the growth of one its own acorns, her personations of Juliet, to the far-off London world, were the theme of every tongue.

One of the first pictures we remember having seen, represented her in this favorite character, listening, with seeming gravity, to the sage counsels of her wrinkled and be-ruffled nurse, who stood by in all the conscious importance of duenna-hood. From that picture, we gained the impression which has always clung to us, of her character and appearance. Tall and slender, with a faultless symmetry of person, and a countenance intellectual and lovely, the artist had lost sight entirely of the English woman, and given us a personification of American genius and beauty.

To our simplicity, the thought of ever seeing this Thespian goddess, would have been as absurd as to anticipate a resurrection of Jack-the-Giant-Killer, or Sinbad the Traveled. She was of another world, and we could only instinctively admire and reverence at a distance.

So much for the romance of little-boy-hood.—We describe these early impressions because we believe them to be such as thousands will acknowledge for their own.

The history of her subsequent career, has not diminished the interest she excited. For the last few months, especially, she has been the object of a sympathy from the Public as lively as their admiration.

It was, then, with unusual interest, that we watched for her first appearance before the audience which awaited her in Malcolm Hall, on the first evening of her visit to Syracuse.

But how different was she who came out upon the stage, from the splendid ideal our fancy had created! We beheld a lady of medium height, but otherwise large, with an astonishing development of muscular organization, and a countenance whose nearest approach to beauty was found in its regularity of feature. There was visible, also, a shade of anxiety and embarrassment, which we suppose explained by her first remark.

After the complimentary applause which greeted her, she apologized, on the ground of a severe cold, for not reading "Macbeth," according to the previous announcement, and named "As You Like It," instead. This done, she seated herself at a small table, and commenced.

Her voice was at first somewhat hoarse, and interrupted by a troublesome cough. But as she advanced, these physical inconveniences seemed to disappear under the triumphant strength of a mighty spirit. Her tones became flexible and full, and were adapted with infinite skill to the changing character of the text. Her features were no longer plain, but radiant with a beauty of expression which varied with every sentiment she uttered. We saw and heard no longer, the room, the audience, the reader; we listened to the musical accents of Celia and the stern voice of her sire; we were moved by the sportive courtship of Rosalind—the irresistible humor of Touchstone—the refined moralizing of Jacques. Cycles of centuries rolled backward, annihilating, alike, Fanny Kemble and Shakspeare, and made us spiritual dwellers in Arden, and witnesses of the scenes of a long lost age. It seemed as though we could listen forever to music so eloquently discoursed, without a thought of weariness or pain.

We were less interested, on the following evening, in the reading of Romeo and Juliet: not that it was less powerfully read, but because we were less interested in the play itself. Full justice was rendered to every incident, and full strength to every emotion. The reckless bravado of Mercutio, the passion of the lovers, and the amiable twaddle of the old nurse, were expressed with wonderful effect. But, to our taste, the sentiment of Jacques is immeasurably finer than that of Romeo; and the cheerful love of Rosalind much more engaging than the morbid abandon of Juliet.

But, as we listened, other fancies occasionally stole in upon us. This was indeed the Fanny Kemble whose name had become a delight in every household, of all lands! the artist who had chained a world in admiration of her wonderful powers! the daughter of old John Kemble—the neice of Siddons! "The Last of the Kembles"—the sole link remaining between us and the most brilliant circle of actors the world ever saw—was indeed before us; the star of the London world was delineating, with the same power which drew down the applauding thunders of old Drury, her matchless characters for the amusement of an obscure American city, whose very existence was scarcely less recent than her own; and which, when her fame was at its zenith, could boast, as its population, only a few hardy pioneers, who had forsaken their homes for the companionship of wild beasts, reptiles, and red men, and the locality of an unhopeful swamp. Verily, as these reflections rushed upon us, we almost feared that the whole scene would vanish, and leave only the remembrance of a pleasant dream.

To Correspondents.

"Spring" by H. is respectfully declined. He will appreciate our motives when we have an opportunity to explain them.

"C.'s" sketch is under consideration.

We clip the following from the Cleveland "Plaindealer." It will be news to most people we suspect:

GENOA BOMBARDED.—Genoa after being bombarded for 24 hours by the Danish fleet, finally capitulated.

GLEANINGS.

Jenny Lind was married, at Bath, to Mr. Harris.

An Educational Convention was held recently at Knoxville, Tenn. Sixty gentlemen were present from all parts of the State. An Association was formed to promote the cause of Education. Hon. Wm. B. Breese is its President.

The Colony of Swedes, in Henry county, Illinois, are manufacturing a fine article of linen cloth, made of water-rotted flax, suitable for summer wear. It is described as a beautiful article.

The Queen and Prince Albert have appeared in rather new characters, suitors in the Court of Chancery, seeking to prevent piracy of their etching and drawings by one of the publishers in Paternoster-row. An injunction to restrain the publication has been granted.

Of the 56,000 square miles embraced in the limits of the Prairie State, (Illinois) 50,000 are fertile and arable—an amount equal to the whole territory of New England, excepting Vermont.

"When I am dead," said Napoleon, "my soul will return to France, and dwell in the hearts of the French people, like thunder in the clouds of Heaven, and throb with ceaseless strife in new revolutions."

Tennessee is said to be the only State in the Union that had not a foot of railroad on the 1st. of January last.

An enterprise is on foot in Georgia, having in view the emigration of from three to five hundred men to California, each taking one or more male slaves with him—the number any one emigrant is allowed to take, not to exceed five.

The county seat of Minnesota Territory is called St. Paul. A new paper is about being started there, to be called "The Epistle of St. Paul."

PRESIDENT TAYLOR has announced his desire and intention, if possible, to visit New York at the time of the next annual Fair of the American Institute, in October, in answer to an invitation from the Institute.

Fanny Ellsler, it is said, is about to pay another professional visit to the United States.

The foundation of the National Washington Monument at Washington, was completed on Friday, and the laying of the marble work has already commenced. The foundation of this mighty structure has been completed in a most substantial and workman-like manner.

Germany, says the Nautical Magazine, is occupied just now with a gigantic project—the junction of the Baltic with the North Sea. The medium proposed is a canal without locks, the ground being flat, and little raised above the level of the sea.

T. BABINGTON MACAULAY has announced his withdrawal from political life. This was done in Glasgow, on the 22d ult., when the freedom of that city was tendered to him.

The expense of an ordinary conveyance of a small house in England, inclusive of the examination of the titles, stamps, &c., usually amounts to over a hundred dollars! It is not all unusual for the transfer of a farm to cost a thousand dollars in law expenses.

Educational.

From "Excelsior."

The Secretary of the Board of Education.

Our readers may have noticed, in our summary of legislative proceedings in this State, that action has lately been taken for remuneration to Hon. Horace Mann, the recent Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, for expenditures made by him from his private means, during his official term, in furtherance of the great cause which he had at heart, and for the promotion of which no man in the Commonwealth has done more. We share but the general feeling when we rejoice that the legislature, upon a knowledge of the facts, took prompt measures for the just remuneration. It appears, according to the report of the Committee to whom the subject was referred, that Mr. Mann has been in the habit of paying bills for postage, stationery, office rent, clerk hire, &c., &c., out of his own pocket. It appears that his entire salary was fifteen hundred dollars per annum—and that during the first five years, he defrayed his own expenses incurred in traveling over the State for educational purposes, occupying about four months every year. It also appears that he was in the habit of advancing money out of his private funds to aid in erecting new school-houses, even borrowing at one time two thousand dollars for that purpose. Altogether the report discloses such a system of conduct on the part of Mr. Mann, that, in these days of official peculation, congressional mileage, &c., we cannot wonder that it has excited universal astonishment. Appended to the report of the committee referred to is a resolve ordering the payment to Mr. Mann of two thousand dollars. But, after all, such services as he has rendered are not to be requited in dollars and cents. Their reward will be in the educational advancement of the youth of the State, and in the lasting gratitude of a posterity which will have enjoyed opportunities of improvement, physical, moral and intellectual, which were not extended to their forefathers.

Sewing to be Superseded by Science.

"I believe it is now generally agreed, among those who know best, that the practice of sewing has been carried much too far for health, even in houses where there is no poverty or pressure of any kind. No one can well be more fond of sewing than I am; and few, except professional sempstresses, have done more of it; and my testimony is that it is a most hurtful occupation, except where great moderation is observed. I think it is not so much the sitting and stooping posture as the incessant monotonous action of the arms, that causes such wear and tear. Whatever it may be, there is something in prolonged sewing which is remarkably exhausting to the strength, and irritating beyond endurance to the nerves. This is only where sewing is almost the only employment, or is carried on for several hours together. When girls are not so fond of sewing as I was in my youth, and use the needle only as girls usually do, there is no cause for particular anxiety; but the mother should carefully vary the occupations of a girl disposed to be sedentary. If pleasant reading and conversation can go on the while, it is well. The family meals, too, and other interruptions, will break off the employment, probably, before it has gone too far. But, if there is the slightest sign of that ner-

vous disease called 'the fidgets,' (which truly deserve the name of 'distress,') or any paleness of countenance, lowness of spirits, or irritability of temper, there is reason to suppose that the needle has been plied too far; and however unwilling the girl may be to leave work which she is bent upon finishing, it is clearly time that she was in the open air, or playing with the baby, or about some stirring business in the house. I have always had a strong persuasion that the greater part of the sewing done in the world will ere long be done by machinery. It appears much more easy than many things that are done by machinery now; and when it is considered how many minute stitches go to the making of a garment, it seems strange that some less laborious and slow method of making joins and edges has not been invented before this. Surely it will be done in the course of a few generations; and a great blessing the change will be to women, who must, by that time, have gained admission to many occupations now kept from them by men, through which they may earn a maintenance more usefully and with less sacrifice of health than by the present toils of the sempstress. Progress made in spinning, weaving, and especially knitting machinery, and in making water-proof cloaks and other coverings without the help of the needle, seems to point with certainty to an approaching time when the needle will be almost superseded. With this, and the consequent saving of time, must come a greater abundance of clothing, and an accompanying cheapness, which will be a great blessing to a large class by whom good and sufficient clothing cannot now be obtained. Meanwhile, our ways are improved by the turning over of some of the work to machinery. The sewing-schools to which young ladies were sent in the last century, to sit six hours a day on hard benches, too high for their feet to touch the ground, compelled to hold themselves upright, and yet to pore over fine cambric and linen, to do microscopic marking and stitching, are heard of no more. In their day, they bent many a young creature with back-ache for life; so we may rejoice that they are gone, and must take care that none of their mischief is done at home, while all really useful good sewing can very easily be taught there."—Miss Martineau's *Household Education*.

The Young Man's Leisure.

Young man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? I have known and now know many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific, or literary, or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance, and lounging in bed, might rise to any eminence. You have all read of the sexton's son, who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars, after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir Wm. Phips, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of high sheriff of New England, and governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write after his eighteenth year, of a ship carpenter in Boston. William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study.—And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate

nor pencil, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather with a blunt awl. David Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, when a plough-boy, was observed to have covered his plough and fences with figures and calculations. James Ferguson, the great Scotch astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of astronomy whilst a shepherd's boy in the fields by night. And perhaps, it is not too much to say, that if the hours wasted in idle company, in vain conversation at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of useful knowledge, the dullest apprentice in any one of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course, the rough covering of many a youth is laid aside; and their ideas, instead of being confined to local subjects and professional technicalities, might range throughout the wide fields of creation, and other stars from among the young men of this city might be added to the list of worthies that is gilding our country with bright yet mellow light.—Rev. Dr. Murray.

Bishop Doane at Burlington.

Bishop Doane, in his address at Burlington College, says:—"When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman, till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman, does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Le Boo concluded that the hog, in England, was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor. A gentleman is just a gentle-man; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never no much a gentleman—mirror though he was, of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippians, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on 'The calling of a Gentleman,' pointedly says, 'He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and works, before a profane world.'"

Literary.

NEW BOOKS.

LIVING ORATORS IN AMERICA.—By E. L. Magoon. New York: Baker and Scribner.

We like this work, though it possesses some faults. The style has the force and intensity which has made Headley so popular. The author has not confined himself to barren details, but has presented a series of pictures, boldly drawn and life-like. The Orator described, seems to stand before you. Your passions are almost as much excited as the audience to whom the address was made. Some passages, for power, and thrilling effect, remind us of Wirt's Patrick Henry. There is a raciness and vigor in the analytical details of character extremely fascinating; and we have sometimes thought that fact was sacrificed for effect.

In his desire not to appear as a partisan, the author has taken some men as types of classes who have no intrinsic merit to entitle them to so high an honor.

The plan of the work is good, but it is marred in the execution by needless repetition. Several of the characters are described in almost identical terms; and in some instances, the same passages are quoted to illustrate different qualities of the same mind.

From the redundancy of classical allusions, we should imagine the author fresh from college; but time will correct this fault, for a mind so vigorous and active will not long be pedantic.

We make two extracts to give the reader a fair specimen of the style; one from the portrait of Henry Clay, and the other from that of John C. Calhoun.

Henry Clay.

"Mr. Clay's eloquence is pre-eminently that of exalted statesmanship, exercising which in diffusing light and liberty throughout the world, he re-voices, as does the brave in his 'keen, flashing sword, and his strong arm's swift swoop.' Strongly imbued with the sentiment of country, among all our public men many think him the most American. This is undoubtedly his highest merit. Abounding little in learned quotation, classical erudition, or literary decoration, he is studded all over with the richest vestiges of patriotic genius, 'racy of the soil.' He is eminently the orator of humanity; less logical and less elevated than one or two of his compeers, but more insinuating, more potent on our hearts as we listen, the warm and invincible master of the sympathies. He has measured weapons with the mightiest, and proved himself equal to any arm. Once, in particular, in defending a favorite bill, he had to encounter much and strong opposition, at the head of which stood Daniel Webster. The collision of these eloquent and intellectual giants, is said to have been inconceivably grand. Says a gentleman who witnessed it, 'The eloquence of Mr. Webster was the majestic roar of a strong and steady blast, pealing through the forest; but that of Mr. Clay was the tone of a god-like instrument, sometimes visited by an angel touch, and swept anon by all the fury of the raging elements.' Mr. Clay, aware that he was contending for the very vitality of his country, had nerved himself up to one of his mightiest efforts, one which would demolish every opposing obstacle, and plant his foot in complete triumph on the ruins of the strongest holds of his assailants. He turned aside every weapon directed against his system, and entirely disarmed all opposition.

"We know that this great statesman of the West is bold and indomitable; perhaps he has too ardently aspired after both power and popularity, but in the main it must be confessed that

he has made his personal ambition subservient to purposes the most magnanimous and grand. In debating talent he has been but very rarely equalled. In moral enthusiasm, practically employed in political and forensic warfare, he has never been excelled. A fiery splendor flows naturally from his ardent heart, and as it spreads over listening multitudes, the effect upon all who catch his tones, or comprehend his words, is prodigious. The whole nation listens, and the millions every where who speak our vernacular, with thrilled bosoms attest the potency of his genial style. Others can reason drily, or declaim vividly, but it has been his peculiar prerogative more than once to raise the spirit of America far beyond the height to which any other hero has carried it, imbuing all classes with the firmest and most impassioned patriotism."

John C. Calhoun.

"The genial goodness native to his head and heart are manifest in the spirit of his public conduct. Every where he is as full of thought as the ocean is of brine, but there is no bitterness in his written or living speech. He deals very sparingly in invective; and never requires the veil of public spirit to be thrown over his personal antipathies and inordinate self-esteem. He may seem to be full of 'obstinate questionings,' nice discriminations, and the keen observance of dialectic rules; but when soaring highest 'into that wide and uncircumscribed sphere, wherein spirits excursive and philosophically modest take their range,' and gathering there, 'if not certain and irrefragable conclusions, at least scattered particles of wisdom, which he more highly esteemed than all the stamped coinage whereof dogmatism makes its boast,' he never appears malicious in thought or deed. His loftiest abstractions are embodied in that athletic good sense which disdains to stab in the dark, and is equally unambitious of enlarging its apparent magnitude by looming through a fog. He amalgamates an artless angular elocution and rigid mental precision, with perpetual suavity of spirit, in language the most lucid and choice. However specious at first the system may look which he rises to maintain, he delivers in its address a prodigious number of pointed observations, which at once are regarded as parliamentary axioms, universal and profound.

"What in particular is to be observed with regard to Mr. Calhoun is, that in a pre-eminent degree, his is the eloquence of character. There is a moral power in his life which imparts authority to his speech and commands respect. Nothing in man is valuable that is not characteristic. Without character, all language is empty and insignificant; since it is only from this quality that beauty can be developed and truth enforced. A speaker may be hard in his style, severe and dry and yet not fail to please, provided he is imbued with courteous but decided independence of character and undoubted integrity. As this is the only ground of personal worth, so is it the only guarantee of public safety. Talent is always but too readily worshiped; but, if it be divorced from rectitude of purpose, it is characterized more by the attributes and influence of a demon than a god. It is well, therefore, that the splendor of corruption hath no power nor vital essence." Honesty is a great part of eloquence.—We persuade others most by being sincerely earnest ourselves. This is a virtue that redeems many faults. All magnanimous persons, however much they differ from Mr. Calhoun in belief, will grant that he is manifestly less a deceiver than deceived. If he errs in judgement, it is his misfortune rather than his crime. Hence his great influence over all parties, and hence, as has been strikingly proved, their anxiety to trust the highest national welfare to his supervision in the darkest hour."

For sale by HALL.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. With the Eulogy delivered before the Legislature of New York. By WILLIAM H. SEWARD. Auburn: Derby, Miller & Co.

This is the title of a beautiful volume just issued, containing over four hundred pages of the

most instructive and entertaining biography. It is dedicated to the "friends of equal liberty and human rights throughout the world."

The Publishers' advertisement says, "Gov. Seward, in undertaking its preparation, was well aware of the engrossing attention which his professional duties required, but looked constantly for relaxation from his multiplied business engagements, in the hope that he might be able to complete the work commenced by him. It however, became necessary for its timely completion to obtain the literary assistance of an able writer, who has, under his auspices, completed the work."

No one can rise from the perusal of this volume without being wiser and better. It is an able, faithful and thrilling delineation of the greatest political hero and sage that America has produced since the days of the Revolution. Fortunate country that can boast such a man! Fortunate man, that can boast such a biographer!

No public or private library can be complete without a copy of Seward's Life of Adams.

The style of the work is plain, yet very expressive; it is sometimes fervid, rhetorical, and impassioned, but never turgid and bombastic: it is a truthful and devout history of one who pre-eminently lived and died in the service of his country and his God. Alexander the Great first opened his eyes amid the painted drapery of Troy's thrilling and fatal seige, and the Illiad of Homer was his pillowed companion; the youth of America should come to the stage of responsible action, familiar with the glorious histories of our venerable sires. In this American education, we know of no work which can form a better text book and guide for the young American civilian and citizen than the one now before us.

We intend in future to enrich our columns with a few liberal extracts, but we would advise all to buy and read for themselves.

WYNKOOP & BROTHER, are the sole agents for the county of Onondaga.

THE MARRYING MAN:

ANGELINA LUXMORE; or the Life of a Beauty.

PERCY; or the Old Love and the New. New York H. Long & Brothers.

We have received from the Publishers three works bearing the above titles, by the popular authoress of "The Warning to Wives."

Novels may be divided into three classes—the pernicious, the harmless, and the improving. Among the first we should rank ninety of every hundred published; the second would include nine per cent of the remainder, leaving a very meager residue to perform the office which should be the end of all. This is a somewhat discouraging view of our imaginative Literature, but one which should stimulate us to attempt a correction of the evil we deplore.

The books we have named, we should class among the harmless. The author has evidently written for the amusement of a fashionable circle, and has succeeded in her object.

"Percy"—we select that as the best of the three—is a book with two heroes and one heroine. The plot is somewhat desultory, and not vastly original in design:—the heroes, according to the time-honored precedent of sentimental authors, being sworn friends, till one falls desperately in

love with the other's *inamorata*, whom, at first, and we think very naturally, he cordially disliked. The lady is equally eccentric in her emotions, and forsakes the "Old Love," for one whom she commenced by hating.

We have then the usual amount of sentiment and scene, varied by the never failing duel, and flight to Italy. The "Old Love" goes to Canada, and the "New" to Florence, without either having made a declaration; leaving the lady, of course, in a most unenviable position. At last, the "Old," after proposing and being several times rejected, extorts from Edith a promise of marriage, under the supposition that "Sinclair," the "New" is dead. He comes back, however, explains his conduct, and makes a scene, in which he is interrupted by Percy. The latter, after a little hesitation, blows out his brains *à la Werter*, that the lovers may consummate a union which seems now quite impossible. Here, we are provokingly left.

There are several striking inconsistencies. Percy, a hair-brained *debauchee*, is made to behave with signal steadiness and honor, while Sinclair, a man of intellect, and a philosopher and Christian, withal, is guilty of weaknesses amounting to crime. Edith, who is presented to us as a cold, impassable, self-possessed being, is swayed by every breath of passion, and that without being able to conceal it. She is finally made to adore the man whom natural laws should have rendered eternally disagreeable, and that at the expense of an incipient passion for one for whom Nature and circumstance should have commanded her deepest affection.

We believe the writer intended to force certain moral principles, though they are not sufficiently pointed to be effective. That condemnatory of duelling is somewhat neutralized by the tacit sanction given to suicide.

We have spoken of the writer throughout as being a lady, though critics are disagreed on the point. Without wishing to parade our own opinion, we think we can detect unmistakable traces of female character and feeling through the whole book.

When we say that it is seldom, now-a-days, that we can become interested in a fashionable novel, and add that we *were* interested, and deeply in "Percy," it must be understood that we think the book possesses merits which more than atone for its faults. There is a freshness in the style that pleases at once, and interests us, ere we are aware, in the story. The characters, if not quite natural, are interesting, and largely excite our sympathy.

We have taken pains to point out what we consider faults, because all the notices we have seen, are in general terms, and laudatory. We believe in giving both sides.

To be had at PALMER'S.

"THE SCHOOL GIRL'S OFFERING."

This is the modest title of a small sheet, published at Meadville, Pa., by the pupils of the Young Ladies School, under the charge of Miss L. A. Brace. The articles, as we are informed are all written by members of the School,—young ladies between the ages of eight and sixteen years. On looking them over, we were struck with their freedom from the pomp and pretension which so often disfigure the compositions of the young. Every thing is written in a style

beautiful from its simplicity, and which speaks loudly for the excellence of their instruction.

For enterprises like these, where the object is *improvement* and not *display*, we feel the most hopeful admiration. The wretchedness of Female Education in America, stands in sad contrast with the general excellence of our institutions, and calls loudly for reform, by means of all available means.

We subjoin a specimen of the "Offering's" humor:

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 28th of February, at midnight, Mr. WINTER, for some time a resident of this place.

He died by the afflicting hand of the sun. The North Wind bore him to the tomb of his ancestors. Jack Frost followed as chief mourner. We were very sorry to see so few follow him to his resting place: but were so taken up with young SPRING, that we almost forgot our old friend who had afforded us so many sleigh rides. There are some who will not forget his lordship, as he left with them colds, coughs, and sneezes.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for May.

This splendid monthly comes to us embellished with four steel engravings, and a large number on wood. Of course, we have not found time to read it yet, for it contains seventy-two pages of closely printed matter; but the established reputation of Publisher, Editors and Contributors renders any expressed opinion of our own quite unimportant.

We will only say that the enterprise of its conductors is worthy of all praise, and we are very happy to learn that it is so well appreciated by the public.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE has the advantage of all others that come under our notice, in the beauty of its engravings. The artistical skill of Mr. Sartain, we understand, is entirely employed to make his magazine, in this respect, the best in the country. May his efforts meet with the success they merit.

We rejoice also to find that the efforts of Mrs. Kirkland and Prof. Hart are giving it a literary character which must place it in the first rank.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 260, contains reviews of Quetelet's "Social System," and Beattie's Life of Campbell; The Warren, Experiences of a Barrister, and Chapters I and II of the "Story of a Family; and several English papers on European politics. For sale at PALMER'S.

INTELLIGENCE.

Literary Items.

A posthumous work by the late Mr. Ireland, author of the celebrated "Shakspeare Forgeries," is announced for publication, in London, under the title of "David Rizzio." It is to appear under the auspicious superintendence of James the novelist, as its editor. A London paper says it is a "work likely to be more extensively read than almost any work that has been published during the last twenty years."

Alexander Dumas, who boasted that he earned £6,000 a year by his pen, has declared himself insolvent, surrendered all his effects, and sought the protection of the courts.

A weekly French paper has been started in Boston to be called *Le Bostonien*.

News.

FOREIGN.

England.

Parliament is still discussing the Navigation Bill.

Lord Lansdowne said, in the House of Lords, that the government would take no notice of the armed intervention to restore the Pope, though they approved it.

Ireland.

MISERY AND CRIME.—From Ireland we have the usual quantity of misery and crime; but there is nothing else of importance.

Case of Duffy.

The Jury in the case of Mr. Duffy, of the Nation, have again been discharged, and he has been set at liberty on bail for his appearance at the next Commission.

France.

An armed intervention to restore the Pope, has been determined on. The Assembly has voted to raise 1,200,000 francs, to enable the Government to send 11,000 men to Civita Vecchia.—Gen. Oudinot is to command.

There is a rumor of a change of ministry.

Thorough preparations are being made for the elections.

Guizot has issued an address to the electors of Calvados. He advocates the union of the Bonapartists, Legitimists and Orleansists.

M. Proudhon, has fled; in a letter written from his place of retreat, he resigns the Dictatorship of the Bank of the People, and counsels no resort to arms. "No *emeutes*," he says; "no clubs, no banquets; the Press, alone, and then the ballot."

A duel has taken place between Ledru Rollin and M. Deujoy. No injury.

M. Lacombe challenged Charles Blanc, brother to Louis. The former received his adversary's ball in his thigh.

Italy.

GENOA CONQUERED.—Italy is still in indescribable confusion. The Republicans have been put down in Genoa, after having had the command of that beautiful city for nine days.

Restoration of the Grand Duke of Tuscany

In Tuscany there had been a general rising in favor of the Grand Duke, and the man who was recently dictator is now the prisoner.

Order Triumphant.

Latest accounts from Florence leave no reason to doubt that the Grand Duke of Tuscany has returned to the capital. It is reported that the revolutionary Government of Leghorn has been overturned by the people themselves, as that of Florence had been before it.

Restoration of the Pope.

The landing of the French at Civita Vecchia, will doubtless put an end to the Roman Republic and be followed by the restoration of the Pope.

Venice Besieged.

Venice is besieged by the Austrians by sea and land, and must surrender.

Dreadful struggle in Sicily.

In Sicily the struggle has commenced with dreadful ferocity, and a desperate battle took place on Good Friday between the Neapolitan and the Swiss troops and the people of Catania, which continued all night, and ended in the defeat of the Catanians.

A great number of them were killed and the city was afterward sacked and plundered.

The terror caused by this defeat has brought the city of Syracuse to surrender without resort to arms.

Resistance at Palermo.

Palermo is now the only place of much strength in the hands of the Sicilians. A desperate resistance is expected there, but with very little chance of success.

Catania in Ruins.

Information has been received by the Oberon steamer, that on its leaving Catania on Saturday, the city was in flames in three places. The most beautiful edifices were a heap of ruins, and the renowned Library and Museum of Natural History was entirely destroyed.

Austrian Rule in Parma.

The *Piedmontese Gazette* announces the arrival at Parma, on the 5th, of Gen. d'Aspre, at the head of an Austrian corps. He published a proclamation, ordering the inhabitants to give up all their arms within twelve hours. The peasants will have them returned to them, on producing certificates of morality. Transgressors of this order will be judged by Court Martial, and shot within 24 hours. By another proclamation, General d'Aspre announced that, by order of Marshal Radetzki, and in the name of H. R. H., the reigning Duke Charles II., he assumes the civil and military government of the States of Parma; that all public acts and orders are understood to be in the name of H. R. H., aforesaid, and that Major-Gen. Wimpffen is named Commandant of the city of Parma.

Heroism of Venice.

On the 2d, Gen. Haynau summoned Venice to surrender. In answer Manin sent him the decree of the assembly, that Venice would defend herself at all extremities. The rich have given eight millions to their country. Two considerable families have given all they possess to the State. The public service is provided for to December next.

Rome.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—Letters from Rome state that 9000 guns have been received, which have been manufactured in France for the Republican Government. By order of the Triumvirs, every citizen is bound to sell his arms to the Government within four days. Count Codrouchi has been arrested at Rome. The buildings of the Inquisition have been changed into lodgings for the poor. On the 2d, about 1,800 Neapolitans, with half a battery, and protected by three gunboats, on Lake Frodi, attacked the fort of the Epitaffio, belonging to the Romans, but soon retired.

The Republican troops on the Neapolitan frontiers, are to be concentrated at Terni, under the orders of Gen. Ferrari. They are said to amount to about 40,000 men.

The Intervention and its Terms.

Letters from Florence of the 10th instant, state that a French steamer from Gaeta had landed the Secretary of the French Legation at Rome, at Civita Vecchia, and that he had immediately left for the capital. He was said to be the bearer of the ultimatum of the foreign powers for the re-establishment of the Pope. It appears that a simultaneous movement has been arranged between the powers; the French were to occupy Civita Vecchia and Ancona; the Austrians, Fer-

rara; the Neapolitans, the frontier. On the arrival of the steamer from Gaeta, another steamer was immediately dispatched to Toulon with orders, it was said, to embark the expeditionary force. Civita Vecchia was being fortified.

The *Positivo* of Rome states, that the following are some of the terms imposed by France and England on the Pope as the conditions on which they will aid his return to Rome: A general armistice, a complete secular government, inviolability of political liberty, abolition of the holy office and ecclesiastical tribunals except in the matter of the Clergy, and the suppression of proprietary religious orders.

Austria.

HUNGARIANS STILL VICTORIOUS.—The Austrian Empire is in as great difficulty as ever, for it is clear, from the retreat of all the divisions of the Austrian army toward Pesth, that they have been repulsed by the Hungarians.

Struggle for Comorn.

The great struggle now is for the position of the Hungarian fortress of Comorn on the Danube, which the Austrians have been besieged for several weeks, and which the Hungarians are endeavoring to relieve. If they should succeed the cause of Austria will be desperate in Hungary.

Charles Albert, though he could not resist Radetzki, inflicted a great injury on Austria by compelling the Austrian government to detach an army of 20,000 men from Croatia to Italy at the breaking out of the Sardinian war. This army is now hastening back to Hungary and may perhaps arrive in time to check the Hungarians.

The Imperial army besieging Comorn is now exposed to a three-fold attack from the North, the South and from the garrison of the fortress itself.

The country surrounding Comorn is all but in the hands of the Magyars, and Comorn is but 20 leagues distant from Vienna. The Imperial party among the inhabitants of Pesth are quitting the Hungarian capital and flying to Gran and then to Raab and Presburg.

Windischgratz Defeated.

Vienna papers of the 14th furnish positive information of the occupation of the important position taken by the Hungarians. The details of this action are given by the German papers, and are to the effect that Windischgratz at the head of his best regiment opposed the progress of the Hungarians in the direction of Comorn. A fierce engagement ensued, in which the superior tactics of the Magyars proved irresistible.

Russia.

TROOPS FOR TURKEY.—The Russians were arming with vigor. Their forces in the Danubian principalities amount to 97,000 men, and a Vienna journal says that the Russian Minister had demanded from the Porte that the period fixed for the evacuation of the principalities by the Russians, should be prolonged to the 1st of May.

A ukase of the Emperor of Russia, dated the 31st ult., orders the ordinary levy of troops for 1849, in the Western Government. The operation is to be terminated by the 13th of June.—Eight men are to be taken in every 1,000 inhabitants. The ukase says that the Emperor has resolved on account of present circumstances to maintain a large portion of the army on a war footing.

Turkey.

THE TURKS ARMING.—A letter in the London Morning Post, from Brusa, Asiatic Turkey, dated April 4, says:

The chief news is a firman in progress of execution for a military conscription, the most sweeping ever known here during a period of peace. All those Musselmans liable to do service under the designation of rediff or militia, are called upon to proceed to Constantinople, within fourteen days, leaving their homes, property and families. Of course the population is at a loss to account for this uncommonly sudden call for men, and the question is generally asked, "Are we really to go and fight the Muscovo-Ghiaoours? In such case it would at least be fair to let us know."

Germany.

All is still in confusion.

Russia and France are said to be opposed to the assumption of the Imperial crown by the King of Prussia. Austria opposes it with violence.

Denmark and Germany.

MOVEMENTS OF THE DANES.—On the 5th, the Danish Minister of War published the following order of the day:

Kings and Sovereigns are daily sending troops into the Duchies to second the efforts of the rebels against their legitimate Sovereigns. The combats which daily take place against superior forces produce only an effusion of blood without decisive results. The army has, in consequence, received orders to quit the Sunderwit and return to the Island of Alsen, to await there the moment when it will be possible to attack the enemy man to man.

Triumph of the Germans.

The Danish entrenchments near Dupell had been attacked and carried by the Saxon and Bavarian troops. The loss of the Germans in this affair is calculated from 150 to 200 men. Several additional captures have been made by the Danish vessels, and it is stated that German emigrant ships will not be exempted.

India.

BRITISH VICTORY.—The details of the battle of Goojerat confirm the report of the India mail of the 17th March, of the victory gained by Lord Gough. The British captured 53 of the 59 guns which the Sikhs brought into action, together with all their camp, magazine, ammunition, &c. The loss on the part of the British was 5 officers and 91 men killed. The war of the Punjab is considered at an end.

China.

THINGS IN GENERAL.—The news from Hong Kong is to the 27th of February. The dispute about opening the city gates at Canton was going on, but there was a general confidence that the stipulations of the Treaty of Nankin would be enforced. Two British officers were missing and it was feared some catastrophe had happened to them. Trade in India and China was in a satisfactory state.

Canada.

The excitement seems to have been allayed by the perpetration of the outrages mentioned in our last. Memorials have been presented to the Governor-General, expressing the fullest approval of his course.

Agricultural.

Culture of Fruit.

We extract the following from the **FRUIT CULTURIST**:

It is believed that if our land owners knew that if a continued succession of the finer fruits, throughout most of the year, could be had with very moderate attention and labor, we should not much longer witness such general destitution.—

e abundant products of their gardens and orchards, already prove that the fault is not in the climate and soil; the contrast between the kinds they cultivate, and those which rank as first rate, shows how much they are losing: while the few choice collections to be found, exhibit most plainly what might be accomplished by all.

A single instance may serve to show what is easily placed within our reach. A cultivator possessing a moderate collection, had fully ripe upon his trees at mid-summer, or at the time of wheat harvest, three varieties of pear, five of apricot, two of plum, four of apple, and several of the later varieties of cherry,—making nearly twenty in all; besides an early peach just beginning to ripen. Most of these were good, and some of them delicious.

Intelligent persons are often greatly surprised at such facts, which are but a specimen of what a succession may afford for several months together. In our latitude, the supply begins with the first days of summer; the earliest strawberries and Cherries ripen nearly together; they are followed for several weeks by other varieties, and by Raspberries; the earlier Apricots and Pears become ripe from one to two weeks before our wheat harvest; Apples and Plums only a few days later; and soon after, from the latter part of summer to mid-autumn and later, a host of the richest varieties of Apples, Pears, Peaches and Nectarines, Plums and Grapes, keep up a continued succession, to be followed, in their turn, by the more durable winter fruits. Pears and Grapes may be kept till Spring, and some of the best keeping Apples the whole year through.—Who that already has a bearing orchard of all these, would forego the luxuries they yield, for ten times the labor and expense they have cost?

It is not surprising that such fine fruits should be neglected, when in fact most of them are unknown to the mass of well informed persons. An intelligent acquaintance remarked that he did not consider so poor a fruit as the Cherry worth cultivating;—but subsequent conversation proved that he had never seen a good one,—the names of such delicious varieties as Elton, Florence, and Black Eagle, being as unknown to him as Hebrew to an untaught child. Another intelligent person, who had spent a considerable portion of many years, in making collections of bearing trees, had never even seen an Apricot, nor had known that there was such a fruit, hardy as the Peach, raised with nearly the same facility, ripening at mid-summer, and superior in delicious qualities to our finest and richest plums.

But the expense of procuring and planting the trees, and the time required for bearing, deter many from the attempt. They do not know, perhaps, that the unnecessary cost yearly lavished on fine furniture, fine carriages and harness, and other needless luxuries, would pay for and plant a fruit garden, and in five years afford a hundred

fold more real enjoyment and utility. But will trees come into plentiful bearing in five years? They will, with a selection of proper varieties and with the best culture. It is true, more than twice that period often passes, before the owner reaps his reward; but neglect is nearly always the cause. What farmer would plant a field of corn, and, omitting entirely the operations of cultivating and hoeing, except a crop in the midst of grass and weeds? Not less ruinous is the neglected culture of newly planted fruit trees; and the loss in the delicious qualities of their products, as well as in delay, is incredibly great. But when selection and culture have been attended to, frequent instances are witnessed of valuable returns in three to five years from setting out. A Bartlett pear tree, six feet high, and two years from transplanting, bore a peck of superb fruit; a Julienne, even younger, yielded the same; a Jonathan apple, removed to the orchard when not larger than a carriage-whip, produced a bushel the fifth year; and many similar cases might be named. But, in every instance, the best treatment was given.

Profits.

Those with whom pecuniary considerations are of importance, may be interested to know the returns yielded by the best varieties. A cultivator of fine fruit, well known to the writer, obtained in market eight dollars for one year's crop; grown on two fine early young cherry trees. In another season he received twenty-four dollars for one year's crop, grown on two fine early peach trees, only six years after they were budded. Another acquaintance sold the crop of a Yellow Spanish cherry tree for seven dollars; and his neighbor obtained thirty dollars for a crop of pears of equal size from a single tree. More extraordinary returns are on authentic record; the preceding are greater than good selection and good management will often insure. And what amount would an acre of such trees yield to the owner? An acre of cherries for instance, might include a hundred and fifty trees. Four dollars from each, the lowest example just given, would be six hundred dollars per annum, a sum almost incredible, and yet not impossible, with the best management and selection, in the neighborhood of cities. The same number of the best early peach trees, usually of smaller growth than later sorts,—would occupy an equal space, and the crop afforded would not be less profitable. There are few trees, which, well attended to, would yield less than two or three bushels, and as a consequence afford a return of three to ten dollars each. An acquaintance, on being asked, last summer, what he received for his fine early peaches, replied, "Whatever I ask." The price was three to four dollars; which was but little more than that obtained by his neighbor, whose peach orchard covered ten acres. But it must be remembered that those often regarded erroneously as very fine, will not command such a market. A cultivator found he could sell fine specimens of the Early York peach, sooner at a dollar and a half per bushel, than the common "rare-ripes," of the country, on the same day, for half that sum. While the finest early peaches bring three or four dollars, some others, later and poorer, will not sell for fifty cents.

Good winter apples always command a market. For the last thirty years, the Swaar, Rhode Island Greening, and Esopus Spitzenburg, have

scarcely varied from twenty-five cents a bushel in the most productive portions of the State. Late keepers are sold early in summer for more than triple that sum. An acre of forty trees with good culture, will average through all seasons not less than two hundred bushels, or fifty dollars a year. Instances are frequent of thrice this amount. The farmer, then who sets out twenty acres of good apple orchard, and takes care of it, may expect at no remote period a yearly return of five to fifteen hundred dollars a year, and even more, if a considerable portion is occupied with late keepers. This is, it is true, much more than the majority obtain; but the majority wholly neglect cultivating and enriching the soils of their orchards.

But where a market is not at hand, a plentiful supply of fine fruit through most of the year, becomes a very important article in family economy. The cost of providing for the table, is greatly lessened, where daily dishes of Strawberries, or Raspberries, or Apricots, Nectarines or Peaches are at hand. The great saving, too, as well as the comfort and health, from an abundance of good and highly flavored apples for culinary use should not be forgotten. How many pounds of sugar would be saved in a family per year, by a constant use of such rich fruit as the Thallman Sweeting, the Fall Pippin, and the Spitzenburg, for cooking, which have been found cheaper for this very reason, at thirty cents a bushel, than others commonly known as "cooking apples" at ten cents.

It may perhaps strike some as a reason for doubting the preceding estimates, that if such profitable returns may be had, more people would, as a matter of course, have engaged in the business. But this inference is by no means correct. From the general neglect of cultivation, bearing trees are looked upon as the result of a man's life time; and many, reasoning perhaps as he did, who asked, "Why work for posterity—what has posterity done for us?" unwittingly punish themselves instead. Slow and sure profits, are mostly set aside for immediate results. The future is too often eclipsed by the present. Benefits at a distance, give procrastination a thousand times stronger foothold than those close at hand. Hence the reason so many, in their eagerness for present gain, exclude entirely the claims of the future, and neglect what may certainly at some time prove highly beneficial.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FARMER'S CREED.—We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore in deep ploughing.

We believe that the best fertility of the soil is the spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence; without this, lime, marl, plaster, bones, and green manures will be of little use.—*Canadian Agriculturist*.

OHIO WHEAT.—A Piqua paper of the 13th ult., says, "The wheat in this vicinity looks excellent. A few miles back from the river bottoms it does not look so well, some fields being so thin that the farmers are about ploughing them up for corn. The appearance of the wheat crop generally, between Cincinnati and this point, is not very flattering, yet there are many fields of excellent wheat."

Opinions of the Press.

We subjoin a few notices which have met our eye, for the purpose of indicating the manner in which our enterprise is regarded by the press.—For the courtesy they have shown us, they will please accept our thanks.

From the Syracuse Journal.

THE LITERARY UNION.—The second number of this well printed and well filled publication, is upon our table. It is in the hands of intelligent and persevering men, and cannot fail to succeed. The extracts are varied, in good taste, and of an elevated tone. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell, and James Johannot, Editors.

From the Onondaga Standard.

LITERARY UNION.—This city is truly becoming the storehouse of newspapers!—two new ones having been ushered into being on Saturday last. One we have noticed in another place, and now we have to mention "The Literary Union," a publication altogether different in character from its cotemporary.

Although the name of this new claimant to public favor, would import that it was to be exclusively literary, we see by the Introductory and Prospectus that it is designed to be also *reformatory* in its tendencies, and to act independently and discuss boldly, all the great moral questions which agitate society in this progressive age. This position we like, and hope to see it maintained, with unflinching firmness.

The Union is published on a royal quarto sheet, each No. containing 16 pages, at \$2 per annum, invariably in advance. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johannot Editors.

From the Syracuse Reveille.

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new literary weekly paper just commenced in this city, by W. W. Newman, Proprietor—J. M. Winchell and James Johannot, Editors. It is published in Royal Quarto form, and makes a very handsome appearance. The matter, both original and selected, is excellent. It is designed to be an independent paper, speaking on all the great questions of Reform. The Editors are young gentlemen possessing a high order of talent, and are capable of making up a paper of great value to the people. Such a paper is needed in Western New York; therefore, we hope the Literary Union will receive that support which it so richly merits.

Terms, \$2. Palmer, Agent.

From the Impartial Citizen, (Syracuse.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a newspaper published in this city, by W. W. Newman, and edited by J. M. Winchell and J. Johannot.—The Union is both a literary and a reformatory paper. It is published weekly, on a royal quarto sheet containing 16 pages, at \$2 a year, in advance.

We rejoice at this accession to our city periodical literature. The Union will, doubtless, serve good purposes. Its leading articles are able and instructive. Its typographical execution bespeaks the professional tact and talent of Messrs. Agan & Summers, the printers.

From the Syracuse Central City.

We have received the second number of the *Literary Union*, published in this city by W. W. Newman, and edited by Messrs. Johannot and Winchell. All of these gentlemen, we believe, are engaged in the public schools of this city, and are favorably known both as teachers and gentlemen of literary taste and attainments.—We hope it will not be deemed unkind in us when we say that the success of the paper is extremely doubtful. The field is pre-occupied by journals published in the eastern cities of established reputation and circulation. We believe it is not far from the truth to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred attempts to publish literary journals in the country, prove utter failures. Nothing will gratify us more than to see the *Literary Union* an exception.

From the Aurora Borealis, (Boston.)

The *Literary Union*, Syracuse, N. Y. a very neat quarto form, sixteen large pages. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; Winchell & Johannot, Editors. I wish them all success in their arduous undertaking; no better fun out than starting news and literary papers.

From the Troy Post.

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new weekly paper just commenced in Syracuse. It is published in Royal Quarto form, by W. W. Newman, and edited by J. M. Winchell and Jas. Johannot. It is neatly printed and filled with useful and interesting matter. Its Proprietor and Editors are young men of talents and thorough education. We know them to be capable of making a good paper, and they have given a good earnest that they will do it, in the number before us.

Speaking of Syracuse newspapers, the Albany Argus says:

To these we add "The Literary Union," the first number of which is before us, in handsome quarto, issued weekly, by W. W. Newman, proprietor, and J. M. Winchell and Jas. Johannot, editors. It professes to be "independent in everything," and evinces industry and capacity.

From the "Excelsior," (Boston.)

LITERARY UNION.—This is the name of a new candidate for favor from the public, published at Syracuse, and got up in very attractive style. It is ably conducted, well-filled, and guarantees a high tone of sentiment. From the specimen number, we should think it would become immensely popular.

From the Literary American, (N. Y.)

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the first number of a very neat weekly paper, bearing the above title, from Syracuse, N. Y., which, so far as our knowledge extends, bears the palm from all the various journals in the west of our State. Its form, title and arrangements, remind us of our own appearance, prior to our enlargement. It is edited with ability by Messrs. Winchell and Johannot, and promises to be a valuable addition to our periodical literature.

From the N. Y. Organ.

NEW PAPER.—The *Literary Union* is the title of a new paper at Syracuse, edited by J. M. Winchell and James Johannot. It is a good looking sheet, and gives decided evidence of taste and good judgment.

From the Rochester American.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We believe we have hitherto omitted proper mention of the above weekly paper, recently started at Syracuse by W. W. Newman as proprietor, and Messrs. Winchell and Johannot as editors. The conductors of the *Literary Union* are gentlemen who feel a strong interest in education. Their enterprise, therefore, appeals to teachers and others who feel a like interest. The paper is handsomely printed, and looks like one destined to succeed. We trust and believe the editors are not among the inconsiderate many, who engage in journalism without counting the cost it involves of time, labor, brains and money. Success to them.

From the Univercolum.

"LITERARY UNION."—We welcome to the list of our exchanges a weekly paper of the above title, of which we have just received the second number. Judging from the specimen before us, its literary character, moral tone, and typographical execution, would seem to be of a high order. "The great idea which will pervade this journal," say its editors, "is PROGRESS;" and it comes out under the motto, "Independent in every thing." It is issued in royal quarto form, each No. containing sixteen pages, and is published by W. W. NEWMAN, Syracuse, N. Y., at \$2.00 per annum in advance.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the second number of a well edited weekly periodical with this title, published in Syracuse, New York. "Of the making of papers there is no end."

Prospectus of Littell's Living Age.

This work is conducted in the spirit of *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, his highly wrought fables, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase the variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

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